



Kenneth L. L. L.



On the left is a warehouse, further down
is the music conservatory and finally at the
end of the road is the mess room building.
We used to play on the tin roof of the
warehouse. I abruptly stopped such shenanana-
-gins when an official angrily told me
that a mine which I often ducked under
was one of the "hottest" in camp and that
if I wanted to live, I had better restrict
my pleasures to y' old Terra firma. May
God Bless that man!